

A

TALE

Being an Addition to Mr. G A Y's

FABLES.

he Minds of young Persons are not gain'd by difficult and refin'd Reasonings, they must be entic'd by agreeable and familiar Images ; to make Truth lovely to them, it must be exhibited by sensible and beautiful Representations.

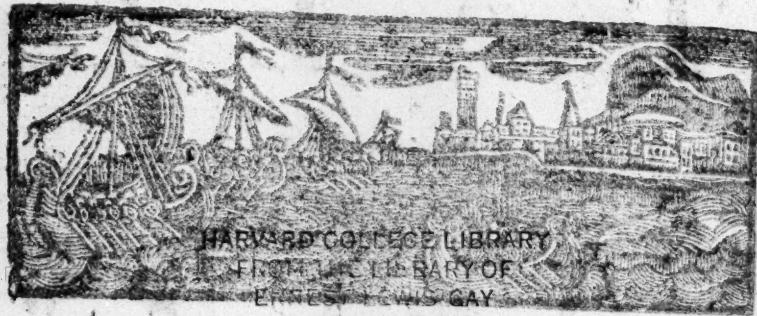
RAMSAY's Life of CYRUS.



D U B L I N :

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JUNE 15, 1927

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A

TALE, &c.

A Mother, who vast Pleasure finds
 In forming of her Childrens Minds ;
 In midst of whom, with great Delight,
 She passes many a Winter's Night ;
 Mingles in ev'ry Play to find
 What Byass Nature gave the Mind ;
 Resolving thence to take her Aim
 To guide them to the Realms of Fame,
 And wisely make those Realms their Way,
 To those of Everlasting Day.

Each

Each boisterous Passion she'd constrain,
And early humanize the Soul;
In simple Tales beside the Fire
The noblest Notions wou'd inspire:
Her Offspring, conscious of her Care,
Transported hung around her Chair.

Of Scripture Heroes she wou'd tell,
Whose Names they clasp'd ere they cou'd spell:
Then the delighted Mother smiles,
And shew's the Story on the Tiles.

At other times, her Themes wou'd be
The Sages of Antiquity,
Who left a glorious Name behind,
By being Blessings to their kind.
Again she'd take another Sope,
And tell of Addison and Pope,
Steel's Comedies gave vast Delight,
And entertain'd them many a Night.

C----n----s cou'd no Admittance find,
 Forbid as Poisons to the Mind,
 That Authors Wit and Sense, says she,
 But heightens his Impiety.

This happy Mother met, one Day,
 A Book of Fables writ by Gay.
 And told her Children, here's a Treasure,
 A Fund of Wisdom and of Pleasure.
 Such Decency! such Elegance!
 Such Morals! such exalted Sense!
 Well has the Poet found the Art,
 To raise the Mind and mend the Heart!

Her favourite Boy the Author seiz'd,
 And as he read seem'd highly pleased,
 Made such Reflections every Page,
 The Mother thought above his Ages,
 Delighted read, but scarce was able
 To finish the concluding Fable.

What

* Congreve's (see flyleaf)

What ails my Child, the Mother cries,
Whose Sorrows now have fill'd your Eyes ?

Oh dear Mamma, can he want Friends,
Who writes for such exalted Ends ?
O base degenerate human kind !
Had I a Fortune to my Mind,
Shou'd *Gay* complain ? but now, alas,
Thro' what a World am I to pass ?
Where Friendship's but an empty Name,
And Merit scarcely paid in Fame ?

Resolved to tell his Woes to her,
She tells him he shou'd hope the best,
This has been yet his *Cafe* Town ;
But *George* the Second fills the Throne.

Content that tender Heart of thine,
He'll be the Care of *Caroline*,
Who thus instructs the Royal Race,
Cant fail of some distinguished Place.

Mamma,

Mamma, if you were Queen, says he, W.
And such a Book were writ for me; W.
I find, 'tis so much to your Taste,
That *Gay* wou'd keep his Coach at least, W.

My Child, What you suppose is true:
I see its Excellence in You.

Poets, who write to mend the Mind,
A Royal Recompence thou'ld find.

But I am barr'd, by Fortune's Frowns, I'll be A
From the best Priviledge of Crowns.

The Glorious Godlike Pow'z to bles^s & to lo^{ve} R
And raise up Merit in Distress & ad mis^{er}ies

But dear Mamma, I long to know,
Were you the Queen what you'd bestow.

What I'd be fit to, says me, my Dear,
At least a thousand Pounds a Year.

Who thus insuring the Royal Race
Crest of Sovereignty I see

Digitized by

Just Publish'd, Reprinted in *Dublin*, for
GEORGE RISK, GEORGE EWING, and
WILLIAM SMITH, Booksellers in *Dame's
street* 1727.

THE Travels of *Cyrus*, written by the most
Learned *Chevalier Ramsay*, which have
been lately publish'd in *London*, in two Volumes,
Octavo. About the same time that it was pub-
lish'd in *French* at *Paris*. The Author to avoid
an injudicious Translation, having been at the
Pains of having his Book in both Languages, of
which he is perfect Master.

The *Chevalier Ramsay* hath past most of his
Life in *France*, and was in the intire Friendship
and Confidence of the late famous *Arch-Bishop*
of *Cambray*.

The *English* Manuscript was this last Year
Transmitted to *England* by the Author, where
it was perused and much approv'd of by *Doctor*
Swift, *Dean of St. Patrick's*, *Mr. Congreve*, *Mr.*
Pope, and *Mr. Gay*, and then committed to the
Pres.

Her Sacred Majesty hath been pleased to en-
courage it. And it is now to Celebrate a Work,
that near two Thousand Copies sold in *London* in
a few Weeks. Is now Printed in *Dublin*; in a
large Octavo, the same Letter and Paper as this
Advertisement, the two Volumes bound in one.
Price 4s.

E. L. Gay's "Mrs. Barber's 'A true
tale'" (in "Notes & Queries", 10 July 1915, pp.
23-24) contains its history; the quotation
of its lines "upon Mr. Congreve"; and a de-
scription of its 1st ed. & its reissues down to
1808.